

The Historie

Of all the Court and princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
Prophetically doe forethinke thy fall:
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar companie,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,
That men would tell their children, This is he:
Others would say, Where, which is Bullingbrook?
And then I stole all courtesie from heauen,
And dress'd my selfe in such humilitie,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts,
Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouths,
Euen in presence of the crowned King.
Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie.
The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royaltie with carping fooles,
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
And gaue his countenance against his name
To laugh at gibing boyes, and stand the push
Of euery beardedlesse vaine comparatiue,
Grew a companion to the common streetes,
Enfeost himselfe to popularitie,
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
They surtett'd with hony, and began to loath
The taste of sweetenesse, whereof a little

of Henry

More then a little, is by much too
So when he had occasion to be se
He was; but as the Cuckow is in
Heard, not regarded; seene, but
As sicke and blunted with comm
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on sun-like Maie
When it shines seldome in admir
But rather drowzd, and hung the
Slept in his face, and rendred such
As cloudy men vse to their aduer
Being with his presence glutted,
And in that very line, Harry, star
For, thou hast lost thy princely pr
With vile participation. Not an
But is aweary of thy common fig
Saue mine, which hath desired to
Which now doth that I would no
Make blind it selfe with foolish te

Prin, I shall hereafter, my thri
Be more my selfe. *King.* I
As thou art to this houre, was Ric
When I from France set foot at R
And euen as I was then, is Percy
Now, by my scepter, and my soule
He hath more worthie interest to
Then thou, the shadow of successe
For of no right, nor colour like to
He doth fill fields with harnesse in
Turns head against the Lyons ar
And being no more in debt to yee
Leads ancient Lords, and reueren
To bloudie battailes, and to brui
What neuer dying honour hath h
Against renowned Dowglas: W
Whose hot incurfions, and great
Holds from all souldiours, chiefe
And militarie title capitall.